SUPERMAN
No.84
MAY...TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
ACTION COMICS
GOLLY! ONE MORE BARREL AN' I DON'T THINK HE'D HAVE MADE IT!

SUPERMAN

No. 84

MAY...TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

ACTION COMICS

REG U S PAT OFF

Editorial Advisory Board

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

DR. LAURETTA BENDER
Associate Professor of Psychiatry
School of Medicine, New York University

PEARL S. BUCK
Author, "The Good Earth", "The Promise", etc. Winner, 1938 Nobel Prize; President, The East and West Association

JOSETTE FRANK
Consultant on Children's Reading, Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN
Department of English Literature
New York University

Dr. W. W. D. SONES
Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study, University of Pittsburgh

Dr. ROBERT THORNDIKE
Department of Educational Psychology, Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.
Former World's Heavyweight Boxing Champion
Member, Executive Board
New York Boy Scout Foundation

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL FUNNY COMICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
DETECTIVE COMICS
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
SUPERMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

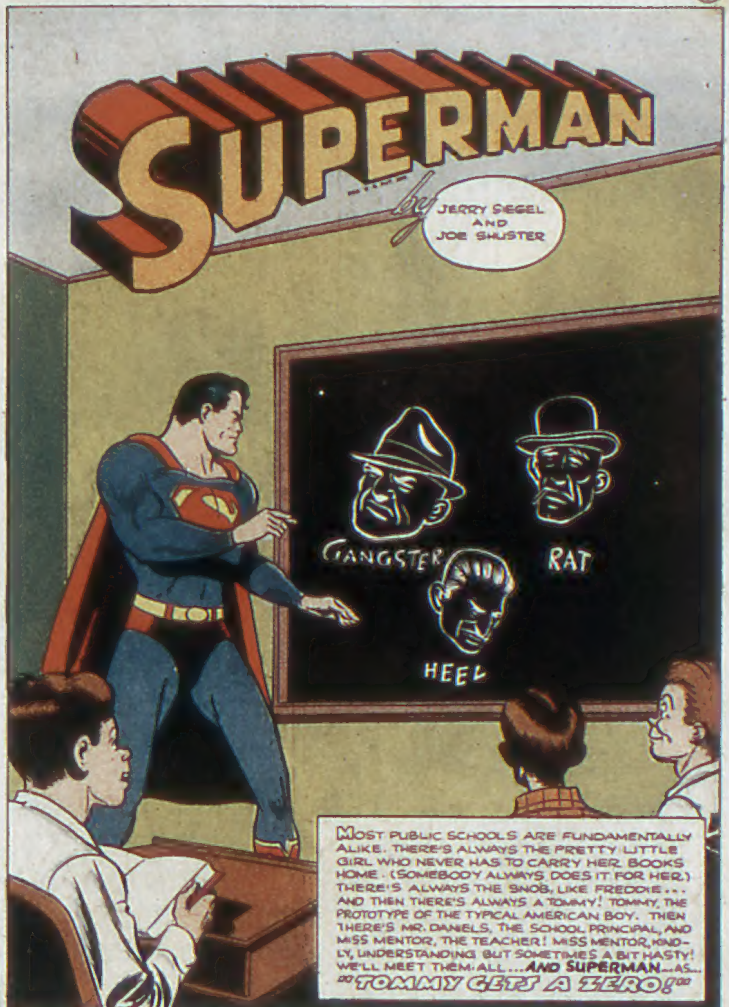
You don't need a TELESCOPE!

WHEN YOU'RE SHOPPING FOR THE ***BEST*** IN COMICS, YOU DON'T HAVE FAR TO LOOK! IT'S RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE, ON EVERY NEWSSTAND —THE **SUPERMAN DC SYMBOL**... YOUR *GUARANTEE* OF TOP ENTERTAINMENT IN ADVENTURE AND HUMOR!

ACTION COMICS No. 81, May, 1945. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.20 including postage. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Entire contents copyrighted 1945 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.


SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
GANGSTER
RAT
HEEL
MOST PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE FUNDAMENTALLY ALIKE. THERE'S ALWAYS THE PRETTY LITTLE GIRL WHO NEVER HAS TO CARRY HER BOOKS HOME. (SOMEBODY ALWAYS DOES IT FOR HER.) THERE'S ALWAYS THE SNOB, LIKE FREDDIE... AND THEN THERE'S ALWAYS A TOMMY! TOMMY, THE PROTOTYPE OF THE TYPICAL AMERICAN BOY. THEN THERE'S MR. DANIELS, THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, AND MISS MENTOR, THE TEACHER! MISS MENTOR, KINDLY, UNDERSTANDING! BUT SOMETIMES A BIT HASTY! WE'LL MEET THEM ALL... AND SUPERMAN... AS... "TOMMY GETS A HERO!"

THIS CLASS WILL COME TO ORDER!
TOMMY ALLEN! I BELIEVE YOU'RE A MEMBER OF THIS CLASS, TOO!
(SIGH) YES, MISS MENTOR,
I AM NOW GOING TO GIVE YOU YOUR HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENT!
AW!
SHUCKS!
GEE!
NO GRUMBLING, PLEASE! YOUR HOMEWORK IS TO BE A REPORT ABOUT TOMORROW. SATURDAY YOU ARE TO OBSERVE ALL INTERESTING THINGS GOING ON ABOUT YOU AND THEN WRITE THEM UP TO TO FORM AN EXCITING COMPOSITION! CLASS DISMISSED!
HELLO, TOMMY! GUESS WHAT! FREDDIE'S FATHER IS GOING TO TAKE HIM FOR AN AIRPLANE RIDE TOMORROW!
BET NO KID IN SCHOOL WILL HAVE A BETTER REPORT THAN MINE! HOW ABOUT YOURS!
MINE? UH...IT'S GOING TO BE REAL EXCITING! WHY, AN AIRPLANE RIDE WON'T EVEN COMPARE WITH IT!
BET THERE'S NOTHING CAN BEAT AN AIRPLANE RIDE! BET THE ONLY EXCITING THING THAT HAPPENS TO YOU IS YOU'LL FALL ON YOUR FACE!
YEAH... YEAH! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FALL ON YOUR FACE? HOW WOULD YOU?!
RUFFIAN! COME ALONG, FREDDIE!
HA, HA!
TEE HEE!
GO AHEAD! LAUGH! I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU!
POOR TOMMY! HOW MANY OLDER, WISER MALES HAVE BEEN IN A SIMILAR PREDICAMENT!

SATURDAY! THE DAY OF DAYS!
TOMMY! UP, AND WITHOUT MY CALLING YOU! MIRACLES DO HAPPEN!
GOLLY, MOM, ISN'T BREAKFAST READY YET?
EQUIPPED WITH PENCIL AND PAD, TOMMY IS READY FOR EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE -- BUT, WHERE, OH WHERE, CAN HE FIND IT?
GOSH!
MISS MENTOR SAID TO OBSERVE AND WRITE, BUT HOW CAN I, IF THERE'S NOTHING TO OBSERVE!
GEE WHIZ, I BETTER START WRITING ANYWAY! LET'S SEE... "I AM WALKING DOWN MAIN STREET. IT IS A NICE DAY."
"MRS. MORTON IS HANGING OUT HER WASH. MR. MORTON'S SOCK HAS A HOLE IN IT."
GOSH, TEACHER DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE HOLE IN MR. MORTON'S SOCK! IF ONLY SOMETHING REALLY EXCITING WOULD HAPPEN...
AND THEN IT HAPPENS...
ROBBERS! HELP.... ONH-HNH!
GULP! THAT'S MR. KIMBERLEY! I'D BETTER GET HELP! ROBBERS! GEE WHILLIKERS!
SO CONCERNED IS TOMMY THAT HE DASHES OFF... INTO THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING CAR!
GOT TO GET HELP!
BUT FROM ABOVE, A RACING FIGURE TAKES IN THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE!
3

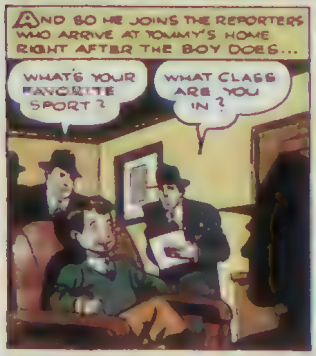
AND SHOOTS DOWN TO THE RESCUE LIKE A BULLET!
GULP... SUPERMAN!
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD I WAS PASSING BY! LEAD THE WAY, YOUNGSTER!
ROBBERS! IN MR. KIMBERLEY'S JEWELRY STORE!
NOW, NOW! PUT THOSE HEAVY BAGS DOWN BEFORE YOU STRAIN YOURSELVES!
S-SUPERMAN!
BREAK UP, GUYS! RUN! RUN!
YEAH... HE CAN'T CATCH ALL OF US THIS WAY!
YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE ME!
SWIFTLY, SUPERMAN SCOOPS UP A MANHOLE COVER FROM A NEARBY EXCAVATION WORKS AND HURLS THE HEAVY WEIGHT LIKE A DISCUS!
ONE DOWN! TWO TO GO!
TWO DOWN!
9

SUPERMAN'S STEEL-STRONG HANDS YANK OFF A CAR WHEEL! ONE IRON FIST PUNCHES THE RIM CLEAR OFF THE RUBBER TIRE!
THREE DOWN... AND OUT!
SOON AFTER... THE POLICE TAKE OVER....
HERE'S YOUR REAL HERO, CHIEF! HE SPOTTED THE CRIME, AND WENT AFTER HELP!
MY YOUNGSTER IS IN HIS CLASS AT SCHOOL! WELL, TOMMY, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THE BEST REPORT AFTER ALL, EH?
WITH SUPERMAN AND THE POLICE OFF TO THE LOCAL PRECINCT, TOMMY RETURNS TO HIS TASH... BUT THIS TIME HE HAS SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT!
I'LL GIVE IT A PERSONAL TOUCH, LIKE ALL GOOD WRITERS DO! 'SECOND PAGE OF REPORT. THOUGH THE ROBBERS ARE CAUGHT, I THINK MAYBE THERE'S MORE TO THEIR GANG; MAYBE EVEN A SECRET HEAD.' GOLLY THAT SOUNDS GOOD!
AND THEN A FRISKY GUST OF WIND COMES DANCING BY AND— SWISH!
(:-CHEE, I'M SOTTENLY GLAD SUPERMAN DIDN'T SPOT ME, OR HE'D HAVE KNOWED DERE WAS FOUR O' US ON DE JOB.' WONDER WHAT DAT COPPER MEANT BY DAT KID'S REPORT? HE...":-) WOT'S DIS..?!
"SECOND PAGE OF REPORT. THOUGH THE ROBBERS ARE..." (:-CHEE! DA KID'S WISE! REPOSCT? MAYBE DA COPPERS IS RECROOTIN' KIDS DESE DAYS CAUSE COPPERS IS BEIN' DRAFTED? I HOID O' DEM JUNIOR G-MEN KIDS BEFORE!:-)
THAT'S MY PAPER... OHH!
(:-DE SAME KID WHAT BRUNG SUPERMAN! I'LL GRAB 'IM AN' PHONE DA BOSS TER SEND A CAR PER US! CHEE! IMAGINE! I CAUGHT ME A REAL JUNIOR G-MAN.(:)
YES, IT'S NOT FOR NOTHING THEY CALL THIS THUG LAME-BRAIN LOOIE!

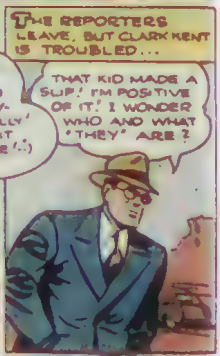
LATER... CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO TOMMY...
OOH... MY HEAD... I'M SO DIZZY....
WHILE IN ANOTHER ROOM...
YOU STUPID, BUNGLING MORON!
BUT, DAPPER--
SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO THE FIRST PAGE OF THIS SO-CALLED REPORT! A REPORT ON THE MOST EXCITING SATURDAY... BY TOMMY ALLEN CLASS 7B½. - NUMBSKULL, IT'S A PUBLIC SCHOOL COMPOSITION!
HUH.. CHEE... CHEE...
DAT'S OKAY, DAPPER! I'LL GET RID O' HIM FOR YA!
WE CAN'T KILL HIM. ONCE HE'S MISSING, SUPERMAN WILL PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER. HE'LL QUESTION OUR BOYS IN JAIL, AND YOU KNOW HOW FAST THEY'LL TALK WHEN SUPERMAN TALKS TO THEM! AND THAT'S BAD FOR ME!
AND WE CAN'T LET THE KID GO, OR HE'LL BLAB TO SUPERMAN, AND IT'LL STILL BE BAD. AND THAT KID'LL WRITE EVERYTHING DOWN IN HIS COMPOSITION AND THE WHOLE TOWN WILL KNOW ABOUT ME!
CHEE... AND ALL BECAUSE I TOUGHT DA KID WUZ A JUNIOR G-MAN!
G-MEN, EH? LAME-BRAIN, I PRIDE MYSELF ON ALWAYS BEING ABLE TO TURN A DETRIMENT TO AN ASSET. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY AS I RECOUNT MY AMAZING SCHEME...
CHEE, DAPPER, YOUSE SOITENLY KNOW DE WOIDS. I COULD LISTEN TO YOUSE 'ALL DAY!
EXACTLY TEN MINUTES LATER, TOMMY SUDDENLY HEARS YELLS... SOUNDS OF A SCUFFLE....
NO YOU DON'T!
YOUSE CAN'T TAKE ME!
PUT THE HANDCUFFS ON HIM, MURPHY!

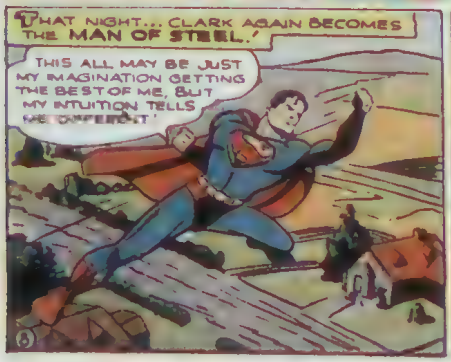
AND THEN THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN...
I THOUGHT I SAW THIS RAT CARRY A BOY IN THIS DIVE! I HOPE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, SON! I'M HODGES OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION!
G-MEN!
WE'D BEEN TRAILING THIS RAT FOR SOME TIME NOW! I HOPE HE DIDN'T HURT YOU?
I'M OKAY! G-MEN! GOLLY, AM I GOING TO HAVE AN EXCITING COMPOSITION! WOW! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO WRITE IT!
UH... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR A WHILE LONGER BEFORE YOU WRITE IT. YOU SEE, WE DIDN'T CATCH THE WHOLE GANG, AND IF THE NEWS GETS OUT, THEY'LL BE ON THEIR GUARD!
WE HOPE TO BE ABLE TO TRAP THE GANG TONIGHT! SO YOU MUSTN'T EVEN TELL YOUR FOLKS ABOUT IT! REMEMBER, THIS IS GOVERNMENT BUSINESS!
GULP.. YESSIR!
TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU AND BE SURE YOU GET THE PROPER INFORMATION FOR YOUR COMPOSITION, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU ALONG WITH US TONIGHT! YOU BE AT THE 35TH STREET PIER ON THE WEST RIVER AT EXACTLY 10 O'CLOCK TONIGHT! AND REMEMBER...DON'T TALK! THAT'S OFFICIAL!
OFFICIAL...! GULP...YESSIR!
AS SOON AS TOMMY LEAVES FOR HOME...
HA! HA! HODGES OF THE F.B.I.! HA! HA! WHEN I SAID "OFFICIAL," THE KID PRACTICALLY SALUTED ME!
HEY, JOE! TAKE DESE HANDCUFFS OFF ME WRISTS! I DON'T LIKE DE FEEL O' DEM! DEY'RE TOO REAL!
OKAY LAME-BRAIN!
SEE HOW MY PLAN WORKS! WE PULL OUR BIG JOB TONIGHT, PLUG THE KID WHEN HE MEETS US, AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO MEXICO OR SOUTH AMERICA—AND SUPERMAN WILL NEVER GET US! WE'LL LIVE LIKE KINGS!
KINGS AIN'T DOIN' SO GOOD DESE DAYS! I'D RADDER LIVE LIKE A MILLIONAIRE!
9

IN THE MEANTIME... POLICE REPORTERS AT THE LOCAL PRECINCT ARE HAVING A HEY-DAY...
YES IT WAS A BOY WHO INFORMED ME ABOUT THE HOLDUP! THAT BOY RISKED HIS LIFE!
WHAT'S THE KID'S NAME?
A HERO, EH!
WHERE'S HE LIVE?
AFTER THE REPORTERS STAMPEDE FROM THE PLACE, OUTSIDE IN A SECLUDED ALLEY, SUPERMAN AGAIN BECOMES CLARK KENT!
NO REASON FOR ME TO LET THE OTHERS SCOOP ME! I'M A REPORTER, TOO


AND SO HE JOINS THE REPORTERS WHO ARRIVE AT TOMMY'S HOME RIGHT AFTER THE BOY DOES...
WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SPORT?
WHAT CLASS ARE YOU IN?

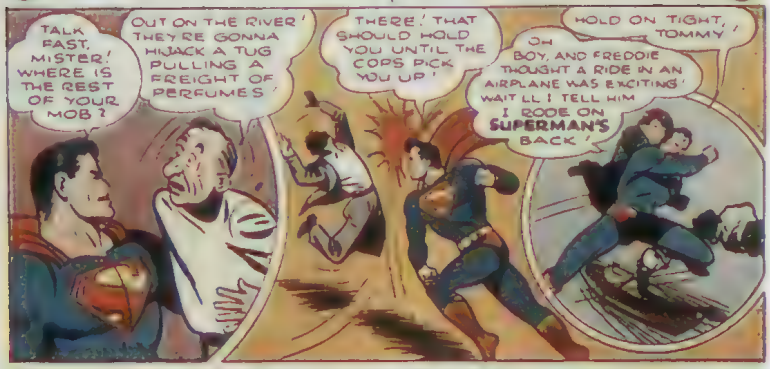
ARE YOU GOING TO WRITE YOUR ADVENTURES IN YOUR COMPOSITION RIGHT AWAY?
NO! THEY TOLD ME NOT TO.. UM.. THAT IS.. I... SURE... I'M GOING TO WRITE EVERYTHING! GOLLY! ALMOST GAVE IT AWAY THAT TIME!

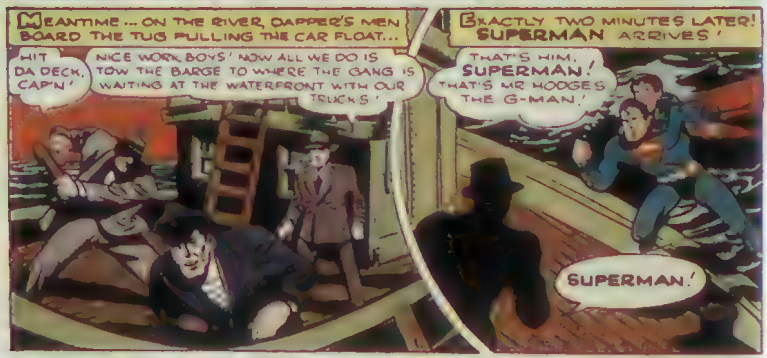

THE REPORTERS LEAVE, BUT CLARK KENT IS TROUBLED...
THAT KID MADE A SLIP! I'M POSITIVE OF IT! I WONDER WHO AND WHAT 'THEY' ARE?


THAT NIGHT... CLARK AGAIN BECOMES THE MAN OF STEEL!
THIS ALL MAY BE JUST MY IMAGINATION GETTING THE BEST OF ME, BUT MY INTUITION TELLS ME DIFFERENT!

OH-OH! I KNEW IT! THERE'S NO NEED FOR TOMMY TO BE SNEAKING OUT OF HIS HOUSE UNLESS THERE'S SOMETHING BIG DOING!

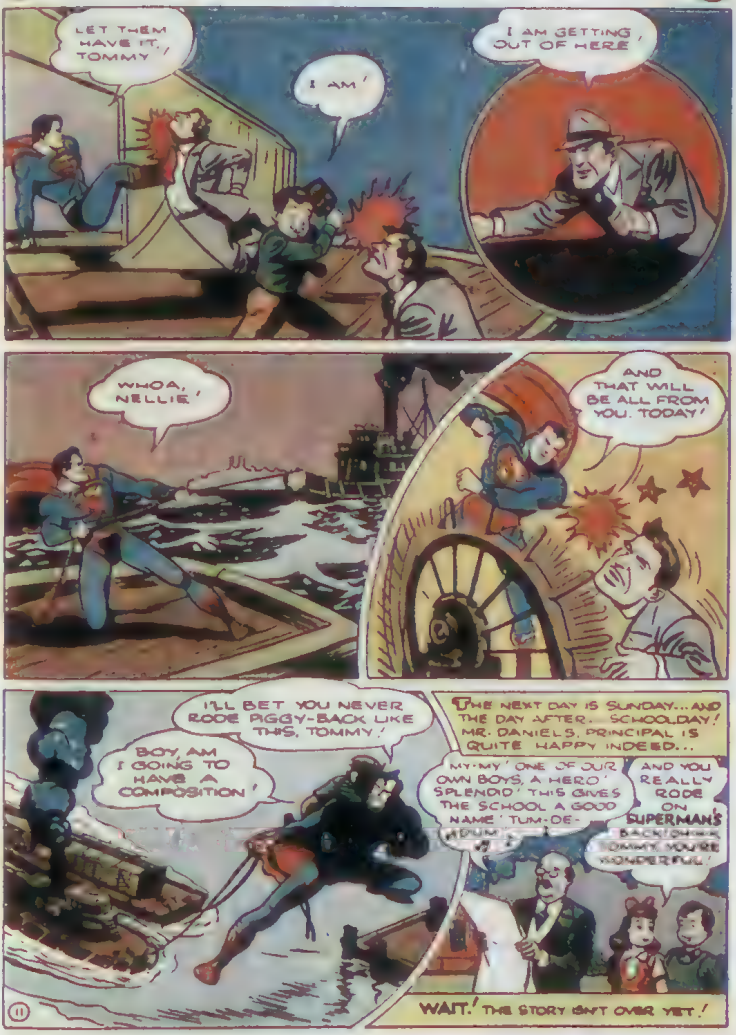
WHAT CAN THIS KID WANT HERE?
OH... YOU!
YEAH, ME!
EVEN AS STEEL GLINTS DOWN, ANOTHER FIGURE RACES ITS DESCENT!
SUPERMAN!
THIS IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU!
NOW TOMMY, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHY YOU'RE DOWN HERE AND WHY THIS THUG WANTED TO KILL YOU!
HE'S THE ONE WHO WAS HIDING BEHIND THE JEWELRY STORE AND TOOK ME AWAY UNTIL THE G-MEN RESCUED ME!
TOMMY TELLS OF THE "G-MEN," AND SUPERMAN LISTENS CAREFULLY...
BUT ONE THING DOESN'T RING TRUE! WHERE ARE THE G-MEN WHO ARE SUPPOSED TO MEET YOU HERE?


TALK FAST, MISTER! WHERE IS THE REST OF YOUR MOB?
OUT ON THE RIVER! THEY'RE GONNA HIJACK A TUG PULLING A FREIGHT OF PERFUMES!
THERE! THAT SHOULD HOLD YOU UNTIL THE COPS PICK YOU UP!
HOLD ON TIGHT, TOMMY!
OH BOY, AND FREDDIE THOUGHT A RIDE IN AN AIRPLANE WAS EXCITING! WAIT'LL I TELL HIM I RODE ON SUPERMAN'S BACK!


MEANTIME... ON THE RIVER, DAPPER'S MEN BOARD THE TUG PULLING THE CAR FLOAT...
HIT DA DECK, CAPN'!
NICE WORK BOYS! NOW ALL WE DO IS TOW THE BARGE TO WHERE THE GANG IS WAITING AT THE WATERFRONT WITH OUR TRUCKS!
EXACTLY TWO MINUTES LATER! SUPERMAN ARRIVES!
THAT'S HIM, SUPERMAN! THAT'S MR HODGES THE G-MAN!
SUPERMAN!

WHY, HELLO, YOUNG MAN! EVENING, SUPERMAN! GUESS YOU'RE TOO LATE! WE CAME UPON THE BANDITS LOOTING THIS CAR, BUT THEY GOT AWAY!
REALLY!
WE'LL GET THEM YET!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO FAR -- SINCE YOU'RE "THEM!" TOMMY'S STORY HAD TOO MANY HOLES IN IT! I CAN'T IMAGINE ANY G-MEN ASKING A KID TO SNEAK DOWN TO THE WATERFRONT SO LATE AT NIGHT!


LET THEM HAVE IT, TOMMY!
I AM!
I AM GETTING OUT OF HERE!
WHOA, NELLIE!
AND THAT WILL BE ALL FROM YOU, TODAY!
I'LL BET YOU NEVER RODE PIGGY-BACK LIKE THIS, TOMMY!
BOY, AM I GOING TO HAVE A COMPOSITION!
THE NEXT DAY IS SUNDAY... AND THE DAY AFTER... SCHOOLDAY! MR. DANIELS, PRINCIPAL IS QUITE HAPPY INDEED...
MY-MY! ONE OF OUR OWN BOYS, A HERO! SPLENDID! THIS GIVES THE SCHOOL A GOOD NAME! TUM-DE-DUM!
AND YOU REALLY RODE ON SUPERMAN'S BACK! GOSH, TOMMY, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
WAIT! THE STORY ISN'T OVER YET!
11

THERE'S TOMMY'S TEACHER, JUST RETURNED FROM A WEEK END VACATION OUT OF TOWN.'
PAPER, LADY! READ ALL ABOUT THE...
SORRY I'VE NO TIME TO READ A PAPER THIS MORNING I'LL BE LATE FOR MY CLASS! TAXI! TAXI!
THE CLASS BEGINS'
I'LL BEGIN WITH THE COMPOSITIONS! AS FIRST! THAT WOULD BE TOMMY ALLEN'S.'
SLOWLY SHE READS THE COMPOSITION THROUGH AND THEN TO THE EXPECTANT CLASS SHE SAYS...
HOW DARE YOU HAND IN A COMPOSITION LIKE THIS! OF ALL THE BRAZEN, BARE-FACED LIES. THIS IS THE PRIZE! SUPERMAN... BANDITS...! TUGBOATS...
I'D HAVE FORGIVEN YOU IF YOU HADN'T DONE YOUR HOMEWORK AND TOLD ME ABOUT IT.. BUT TO MAKE UP THIS PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS, OUTLANDISH STORY... WELL.. I'M GOING TO PUNISH YOU! YOU GO RIGHT UP TO THE PRINCIPAL AT ONCE!
B-BUT, MISS MENTOR...
TOMMY! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A GLUM FACE FOR A HERO! WHAT'S WRONG, MY BOY?
WHAT'S THIS? 'LIE... RIDICULOUS STORY... MUST BE PUNISHED...' DEAR, OH DEAR! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, TOMMY! SO SHE GAVE YOU A ZERO, TOMMY? HM-M!
THERE.. I GUESS THAT SOLVES EVERYTHING! I SUGGEST YOU RUN OUT AND BUY YOUR TEACHER A NEWSPAPER! AND I WANT TO BE THERE WITH THE REST OF THE CLASS TO WATCH HER FACE WHEN SHE READS IT! HO-HO!
The End

STOP SHOWING OFF, QUIMBY. WE KNOW YOU EAT WHEATIES!
WHEATIES
WHEATIES
HEFTY WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES
QUIMBY IS SHOWING MIGHTY GOOD JUDGMENT IN HIS EATING. HIS FAVORITE DISH IS A MAN-SIZED SERVING OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES. FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."
IT'S THE DISH FOR YOU, TOO. BIG FLAKES OF GOOD WHOLE WHEAT. FRESH ROASTED. CRISP-TOASTED. FLAVORED JUST RIGHT WITH MALTY-RICH SYRUP. CHUCK FULL OF SOLID WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT. AND LOADED WITH "HAVE-ANOTHER-BOWLFUL" FLAVOR.
YES, YOU'LL WANT THIS CHAMPION BREAKFAST DISH EVERY DAY. SO PUT IN YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."
WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
A Product of General Mills, Inc.

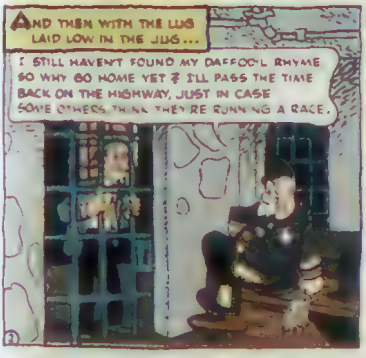
HAYFOOT HENRY
OF THE RHYMING TOWN AND ITS RHYMING COP THE TALE'S BEING TOLD IN HOME AND SHOP ABOUT A TRAFFIC IN TRAFFIC OFFENSES AND HOW HIS CLEVER INFERENCES GAVE HAYFOOT HENCY THE METHOD AND MEANS TO SMASH A RACKET TO SMITHEREENS ALTHOUGH AT FIRST HE GOT NOWHERE BECAUSE OF ..
"THE SIGN THAT WASN'T THERE!"
SPEEDING PERMITTED
!
SINCE FINES CAN'T STOP THIS SPEEDING CRAZE FROM NOW ON SPEEDERS GET TEN DAYS!
SLEEPYSIDE 1 MILE
SAVE LIFE AND LIMB-- PLEASE DRIVE WITH CARE! YOU DON'T NEED SPEED TO GET YOU THERE!
AND NOW BACK HOME TO SEEK MY RHYME FOR "DAFFODIL"—IT TAKES SUCH TIME.

WOW! TALK ABOUT SPEED NO. LOOK AT HIM GO. HE MUST BE DOING A HUNDRED OR SO.
WOOF!

HEY, YOU! STOP! CAN'T YOU SEE, I'M A COP?
EEEEEEE

IT'S JAIL FOR YOU, ON SPEEDING I'M SOUR. THE ABSOLUTE LIMIT IS FORTY AN HOUR!
BUT A SIGN BACK FARTHER SAID "SPEEDING PERMITTED" EITHER I'M BLIND OR YOU'RE DIM-WITTED.

YOUR EXCUSE WON'T WORK. THERE'S NO SUCH SIGN. GO FOLLOW ME, MISTER, IN JAIL TO PINE.
HE WON'T EVEN LISTEN, THE SILLY GOOSE. IT'S A BASE INJUSTICE-- BUT WHAT'S THE USE!


AND THEN WITH THE LUG LAID LOW IN THE JUG...
I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND MY DAFFODIL RHYME SO WHY GO HOME YET? I'LL PASS THE TIME BACK ON THE HIGHWAY, JUST IN CASE SOME OTHERS THINK THEY'RE RUNNING A RACE.

AND SO--WHAT HO!
ZOOM! LOOK AT HIM! I'M OFF, I'LL TAKE HIM IN TOW.

BUT THAT "SPEEDING PERMITTED" SIGN FARTHER BACK. ARE YOU A COP OR A UNIFORMED WHACK?
THAT'S TWICE I'VE HEARD THE SAME DIZZY TALE. THERE'S NO SUCH SIGN... YOU'RE HEADED FOR JAIL!
I'LL SEE MY LAWYER. I PROTEST! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO PUT ME UNDER ARREST!
BUT IN HE GOES BEHIND THE BARS. AND HENRY CORRALS MORE SPEEDING CARS!
MUST ALL YOU GUYS SET SUCH A PACE? OUR JAIL IS SMALL WE'RE SHORT OF SPACE.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE "SPEEDING PERMITTED" SIGN? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? OR AM I OUT OF MINE?
THAT SIGN IS BEGINNING TO GET IN MY HAIR. TURN ROUND AT ONCE AND DRIVE ME THERE!
BUT ALAS, DOWN THE ROAD, HENRY HAS TO GET "SHOWED."
WHY THE SIGN IS GONE! BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? WHEN I PASSED IT BY, IT WAS PLAIN TO SEE!
SIGN, INDEED! ENOUGH, YOU LIAR! YOU'RE ONLY INCREASING MY ANGER AND IRE!
SUDDENLY...
BUT WAIT! WHAT'S THIS? A HOLE IN THE GROUND AND FRESHLY DUG, AT THAT, THE HOUND! IT LOOKS AS IF THE SIGN WAS HERE, AND I'VE BEEN WRONG AT YOU TO SNEER!

YOUR OFFER I GUESS IS EXCUSED THIS TIME. SO NOW YOU CAN GO ER-- WHAT'S A RHYME FOR DAPPER? IF YOU'LL BE SO KIND.
I'M AFRAID THAT'LL BE TOO HARD TO FIND.

BUT WHERE TO BEGIN? IT'S BREAKING MY HEART. HUH-- NOW MY MOTORCYCLE WON'T START.
GRAK
GRAK
CHUK

POOR HENRY! WHAT A SPOT TO BE IN HIS SPIRITS ARE LOW, HIS SHOES WORN THIN.

I'LL LEAVE MY WHEEL - IT NEEDS REPAIR. AND THEN TO JAIL. I'VE BEEN UNFAIR.
SLEEPYSIDE GARAGE

I'LL FIX YOUR WHEEL IN A HURRY, MISTER COP. YOU COULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT 'ER TO A BETTER SHOP.
MY, MY, SUCH SERVICE. IT'S GOT ME STOPPED. BUT LOOK - THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'VE DROPPED.

A BILL FOR SIGN PAINTER'S INK! THAT'S FUNNY! ARE YOU LEARNING LETTERING TO MAKE MORE MONEY?
ER-WELL, NOT QUITE. A HOBBY, YOU SEE. SOME COLLECT STAMPS - IT'S LETTERING FOR ME.

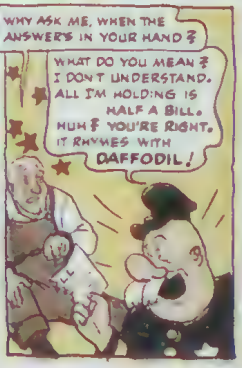
THANKS--I'LL TAKE IT, GIVE IT HERE!
WAIT, THE WHOLE THING'S GETTING CLEAR! LETTERING INK, AND SIGNS DISAPPEAR! MEN JAILED FOR SPEEDING MUST PARK THEIR CARS HERE!

I'VE GOT THE MOTIVE--BY THIS BILL YOU'VE ADMITTED YOU PLANTED A SIGN SAYING "SPEEDING PERMITTED"!

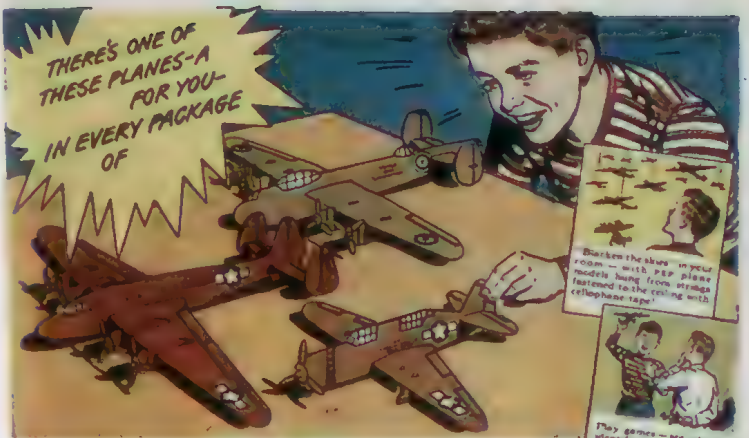
WHEN YOU SPIED ME APPROACHING TO LOOK FOR THE SIGN YOU REMOVED IT SO I'D THINK THE SPEEDERS HAD LIED--BUT I DISCOVERED THE HOLE QUITE FINE--WHILE YOU UNSEEN, SNEAKED BACK TO SLEEPYSIDE.
GIMME THAT BILL, YOU LEGAL PILL!
RIP

TOO BAD, BUT TEARING THE BILL WON'T WORK. I CAN GET A COPY FROM THE CLERK!
WHAM!

NOW THAT I'VE CAUGHT YOU, NO REASON TO BE MAD. GIVE ME A RHYME FOR DAFFODIL INSTEAD OF LOOKING SAD.


WHY ASK ME, WHEN THE ANSWER'S IN YOUR HAND?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DON'T UNDERSTAND. ALL I'M HOLDING IS HALF A BILL.
HUH? YOU'RE RIGHT. IT RHYMES WITH DAFFODIL!

HMM--RATHER FORCED. BUT WHY COMPLAIN? HALF A BILL, DAFFODIL--NOT A BAD REFRAIN!
THE END


THERE'S ONE OF THESE PLANES—A FOR YOU— IN EVERY PACKAGE OF
Hang them in your room — with PEP planes fastened to the ceiling with cellophane tape!
Play games — see who can identify most silhouettes. When opponent misses he must give up a plane, which is considered "lost in battle."

LATEST, AUTHENTIC UNITED NATIONS War Plane Models!

EASY TO ASSEMBLE! PRINTED IN COLOR! STURDY! LONG-LASTING!

WAIT'LL YOU SEE this *new series* of plane models of latest United Nations' warplanes—fighters, bombers, dive bombers and transports! Absolutely authentic in outline—you can use 'em for spotter identification!

Loads of Fun! Educational!

What you'll really want these swell scale models for is to build your *own* fleets of planes—*swarms of* 'em! You can blacken the skies" in your room with wonderfully realistic models of the very planes that have fought against the Nazis and the Nips!

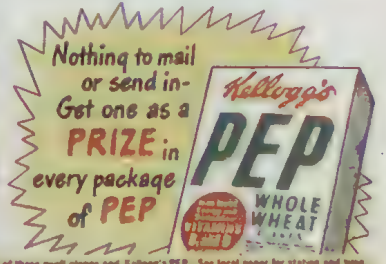
You can trade 'em—fight sham air battles with 'em—hang 'em on strings in battle formation. There's no end of fun and amusement you can have with these brightly colored, sturdy, easy-to-put-together warplane models.

Get 'Em as Prize!

They're easy to get, too. No box tops to send in, no extra money, nothing! You get one as a PRIZE right in your package of PEP! And there's one in *every* package! Press out clean and neat. Assemble without fuss. You'll love 'em! And you'll love PEP, too — because it's not only delicious-tasting, but a sound, muscle-building breakfast food, chock full of important, whole-wheat "builder-uppers," and liberally fortified with VITAMIN B and VITAMIN D. In fact, KELLOGG'S PEP is the kind of breakfast cereal you'll want to boast to the gang about eating. Get your PEP, and model plane PRIZE, soon!

Get models of these planes!

Douglas A-24 "Dauntless"	Curtiss SB2C-1C "Helldiver"
Curtiss P-40B "Warhawk"	Lockheed C-60 "Lodestar-Hotspur"
Vought JF2U "Corsair"	Lockheed B-34 "Ventura"
Consolidated Vultee B-24 "Liberator"	Douglas C-54 "Skymaster"
Short "Sunderland"	Avro "Lancaster"
Westland "Whirlwind"	Handley Page "Hampden"
"Yak 4"	110



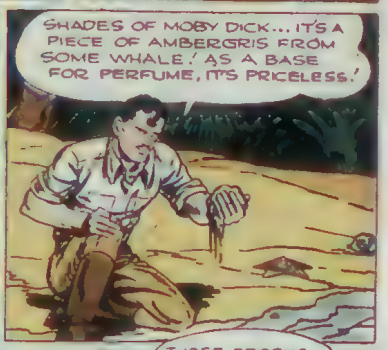
FLASH! Listen to JUNIOR MISS for more exciting details of these swell planes and Kellogg's PEP. See local paper for station and time.

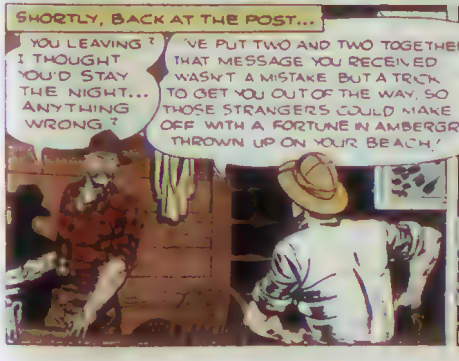
CONGO BILL
MANY AND STRANGE ARE NATURE'S MYSTERIES, AND CONGO BILL, IN HIS PURSUIT OF OUTLAWS, HAS WITNESSED MOST OF THEM. BUT WHEN A LONELY, JUNGLE-FESTOONED BEACH REVEALS THE VESTIGE OF A PRICELESS SEA TREASURE, SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW ARISES IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME AND NATURE... PLUNGING THE VETERAN NEMESIS OF TREACHERY INTO BATTLE WITH HUMAN...
FRESH FROM A MISSION INTO THE INTERIOR, CONGO BILL REACHES THE TRADING POST OF AN OLD FRIEND ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA...
WELL, WELL! GLAD TO SEE YOU, CONGO BILL!
HELLO, HARPER! DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE USED TO MUCH COMPANY IN THESE PARTS!
WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT, THREE STRANGERS DID STOP JUST A FEW DAYS AGO! SAID THEY WERE ON SOME KIND OF SURVEY...
THAT SO..?

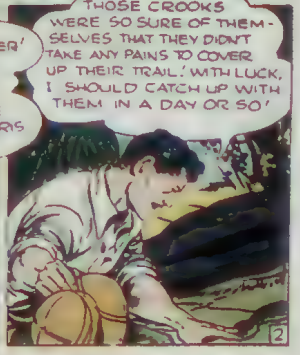
GETTING COMPANY WASN'T THE ONLY UNUSUAL THING! AFTER THEY LEFT, A MESSAGE CAME FROM THE GOVERNMENT POST TELLING ME TO REPORT... BUT WHEN I GOT THERE, THE POST DENIED SENDING IT.' SOME CLERK'S MISTAKE I GUESS.'
MIGHT BE' (HMM.' STRANGERS CALL... THEN HE'S ORDERED ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.')

AND LATER, AFTER DINNER...
BEST GRUB I'VE HAD IN WEEKS, HARPER.' THANKS.' GUESS I'LL TAKE A TURN AROUND YOUR PLACE BEFORE I RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT'
MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.'

HELLO... WHAT'S THAT PECULIAR ODOR COMING FROM THE BEACH?


SHADES OF MOBY DICK... IT'S A PIECE OF AMBERGRIS FROM SOME WHALE.' AS A BASE FOR PERFUME, IT'S PRICELESS.'


SHORTLY, BACK AT THE POST...
YOU LEAVING? I THOUGHT YOU'D STAY THE NIGHT... ANYTHING WRONG?
I'VE PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER' THAT MESSAGE YOU RECEIVED WASN'T A MISTAKE BUT A TRICK TO GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY, SO THOSE STRANGERS COULD MAKE OFF WITH A FORTUNE IN AMBERGRIS THROWN UP ON YOUR BEACH.'


THOSE CROOKS WERE SO SURE OF THEMSELVES THAT THEY DIDN'T TAKE ANY PAINS TO COVER UP THEIR TRAIL.' WITH LUCK, I SHOULD CATCH UP WITH THEM IN A DAY OR SO'

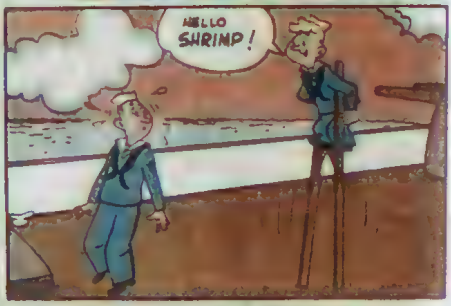
HOURS LATER..
THEY MUST BE HEADING NORTH TO SKIRT THE GOVERNMENT POST MAYBE I CAN SPOT THEM FROM HERE
UNEXPECTEDLY...
OKAY, CONGO BILL . REACH.' AN NEXT TIME YA APPROACH A CLEARIN' REMEMBER THAT THOSE AHEAD CAN HEAR THE NOISE THE MONKEYS KICK UP AS YUH PASS '
RED BUTCH AND YOUR FELLOW TRAIL RATS '
AND THE NEXT TIME YOU WAYLAY A MAN DON'T TURN YOUR HEADS FROM A CHARGING RHINOCEROS '
HUH! A RHINO!! WHERE ?
I'M THE RHINO, BOYS '
OW!
AND NOW I CAN LOOK FOR THE AMBERGRIS IN PEACE '
YA JUST T'INK YA CAN CONGO BILL '
UH.' MY ANKLE '
A DISASTROUS SHIFT IN THE FORTUNES OF WAR ...
SO YA THOUGHT YA COULD JUST WALK IN AND GET OUR TREASURE, HUH ? WELL, WE'RE GOING TO COOK YOUR GOOSE ,

I'LL BE BURNT TO A CRISP UNLESS... BUT WAIT.' I HAVE IT... THAT LOG.'
IF ONLY I CAN WRIGGLE MY WAY INTO THE LOG BEFORE THE FLAMES REACH ME.'
ONCE IN THE LOG, BILL THROWS HIS WEIGHT TOWARD THE DOWNHILL SIDE.' AND THEN...
GOOD... I'M MOVING.'
BOY, THIS IS LOTS HOTTER THAN GOING OVER NIAGARA FALLS IN A BARREL.'
AND AFTER SOME UNCOMFORTABLY WARM SECONDS...
EVERYTHING HAS ITS USE... IN A SECOND THESE ROPES WILL BE OFF MY WRISTS.'
THEY CAUGHT ME NAPPING... BUT THEN, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE SO NEAR.' THIS TIME WE'LL SEE.'
HERE'S THEIR CAMP... AND NOT FAR FROM THE VILLAGE OF MY FRIEND, CHIEF ZUKOGIE.' HMM... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.'

AND PRESENTLY, IN CHIEF ZUKOGIE'S VILLAGE ...
... THEN YOU'LL DO WHAT I ASK, CHIEF ZUKOGIE?
CHIEF ZUKOGIE OWE CONGO BILL MANY FAVOR--CHIEF ZUKOGIE WILL DO!
HO, HO! WILL THIS LITTLE BREW I'VE COOKED UP GIVE RED BUTCH A JOLT!
REACH, YOU THREE! THIS TIME IT'S MY PARTY!
HUH? IT'S CONGO BILL! HE GOT LOOSE!
BUT WHAT'S THIS ... A STALEMATE?
IT'S NO GOOD, CONGO BILL! ME AN' MY MEN ARE FAST ON THE DRAW! IF YOU SHOOT ONE OF US, THE OTHERS ARE BOUND TO GET YOU A SPLIT-SECOND LATER!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!
I ONLY HOPE ZUKOGIE DOESN'T LET ME DOWN!
BUT THAT RHINO BACK OF YOU OUGHT TO BREAK UP THIS DEAD-LOCK!
HAW, HAW... DAT'S RICH! HE TINKS HE CAN MAKE US FALL FER DAT OLD GAG TWICE!
YEAH! A RHINO IN BACK OF US.. DAT'S A GOOD ONE!
BUT SUDDENLY...!
YOW!
WOW! HALP! MAKE FER THE TREES
BUT WHAT IS THIS?
LOOK, RED! THE RHINO S AFTER CONGO BILL!
YEAH... AND DA GUY IS TOO SCARED TO RUN!

WHUP-SY-DAISIE! WANT TO GIVE ME A RIDE, OLD FELLOW?
WHAT'S DIS? I'M SEEIN' T'INGS!
WANT TO PLAY RED? THIS RHINO IS A GREAT HAND AT BUTTING DOWN TREES!
GOOD WORK, OLD FELLA!
UKK!
CALL DAT BEAST OFF. WE QUIT! DA AMBERGRIS WE STOLE IS STILL IN DAT BIG BAG!
I'M AFRAID THESE BOYS DON'T APPRECIATE YOUR RHINO CHIEF ZUNGGIE ... BUT HE MAKES THE MOST CAPABLE DREADNAUGHT FOR THE LAW THAT I'VE EVER SEEN! THANKS TO YOU BOTH, I HAVE A FINE CATCH OF RATS—AND A PRICELESS TREASURE!
AND AFTER MANY A LONG MILE THROUGH THE JUNGLE
GOOD WORK, CONGO BILL! ACCORDING TO THE LAWS HERE, HARPER AND THE GOVERNMENT SHARE EQUALLY IN THE AMBERGRIS! IT'S A RICH DEPOSIT
AND THE JUNGLE IS GOING TO BE A LOT SAFER WITH THESE RASCALS IN PRISON!
NO KIDDING KIDS.... Y'GOTTA DO BETTER!
YOU'VE BEEN DOING A PRETTY GOOD JOB OF GETTING THE OLD WASTE PAPER INTO THE COLLECTION, BUT-
... BUT UNCLE SAM SAYS MORE AND MORE IS NEEDED!
WASTE PAPER IS A VITAL MATERIAL OF WAR! C'MON KIDS... DO YOUR VERY BEST.... COLLECT MORE WASTE PAPER!!

SHORTY



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

ARE YOU A GOOD AMERICAN?

A GOOD AMERICAN DOESN'T LOOK DOWN ON OR MAKE FUN OF ANYBODY BECAUSE OF HIS RACE, COLOR OR RELIGION. A GOOD AMERICAN IS TOLERANT. THAT'S AN EASY WORD TO SAY. BUT NOT EVERYBODY PRACTICES IT IN EVERYDAY LIFE. A GREAT WAR IS BEING FOUGHT ABROAD FOR THE PRINCIPLES OF TOLERANCE. *YOU* MUST PRACTICE IT AT HOME.

WERE *YOU* A GOOD AMERICAN THIS MONTH?

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

RSX IZIVCFSHC GER KMZI
FPSSH. FYX AI GER EPP
WEPZEKI XLI TETIV RIIH.
IH XS QEOI GSRXEMRIVW
JSV FPSSH TPEWQE

SUPERMAN, . / May
c o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE .....

DARK GUILT

by Blair Bolton

OFFICER JAMES PATRICK McLARNEY heaved a prodigious, woeful sigh as he maneuvered his huge bulk down the steps of the 11th Precinct. He had just had another session with Inspector McCann, who headed the Homicide Bureau.

James Patrick's ears burned with the recollection. He hadn't meant to interfere with the operations of McCann's office, anymore than he had known little Snivelly Sam, the pickpocket, wasn't to be arrested. McLarney had booked him as a vagrant, totally unaware that a couple of McCann's men were supposed to be tailing Snivelly.

"This is the fourth time this year you've bungled something I set up, McLarney," McCann had bellowed, "and if there was any way of breaking you, I'd do it. Why didn't you leave Snivelly Sam alone? I'm trying to use him as bait, and you go ahead and pick him up."

"He wasn't supposed to be on my beat," James Patrick had protested stubbornly. "I gave him a deadline." Righteously, he added: "And it was right in line with the Commissioner's orders, too."

That had stumped McCann. Commissioner Innis had said he wanted questionable characters kept off the city's streets. Furthermore, Innis had a soft spot in his heart for James Patrick. They had pounded beats together. And maybe, if James Patrick had been more ambitious, he might have had his Sergeant's stripes by now.

But that was neither here nor there. James Patrick wasn't bright, perhaps, but he was a good cop. He knew the regulations and he stuck to them. Thus, when the Commissioner said to keep questionable characters off the street, McLarney did just that.

"And I'll keep on," he muttered. "Inspector McCann notwithstanding." He shrugged. "The nerve of him, telling me I'm always trying to be a detective just because I read detective stories."

Funny thing, though, reading detective stories had helped James Patrick a couple of times. It had been a recollection of thieves hiding loot in a delicatessen store pickle barrel that had helped him find the Starling jewels. He had happened to remember seeing Fingers Barrow the second story man, coming out of Shultz's delicatessen the day following the robbery, after buying a barrel of pickles. The surprised Shultz had told James Patrick while Fingers was out getting a truck to take them away.

The Commissioner had liked the job, too. "Ah well," sighed James Patrick, as he sauntered toward his beat, "things will change some day, I suppose." It was only a couple of more years to retirement and that bank guard job he had been promised.

James Patrick never was one to hold a grudge. And shortly after night fell, he had forgotten the whole incident. He was his usual jovial self, willing to pass the time of day with man or beast.

It was midnight when the blow fell, just at quitting time when James Patrick was waiting for his relief. He was walking slowly past Little Angie's Blue Boar night spot when he decided to change his course. Once a night he moved through the alley onto which Angie's office door opened.

"Oof," he said as a figure came hurtling through the door, plunging into him. His big arms went automatically around the aggressor and, though his wind had almost been knocked out of him, he managed to gasp. "So it's you again, you divvil."

It was Snivelly Sam. Sam's pinched face was contorted with fear. "McLarney," he gasped, "I was just going out to try and find you. Little Angie's calling headquarters. There's a dead man in his office!"

"A dead man, you say?" James Patrick's stubby, iron-like fingers grasped Sam's collar, dragged the man along. "Come on."

Little Angie's office was lighted only by the flare of a match. In its flicker, McLarney saw Angie fumbling with a fuse-box in the corner. He was standing on a chair to reach it. The next moment light illummated the room.

The body was on the floor. Little Angie's voice was plenty excited. "Somebody knifed him, McLarney," he sputtered. "I came in and found him here." He wiped his face with a handkerchief. "It's Eddie Mayo."

McLarney was bent over the body. The knife was still there. McLarney didn't touch it. He whistled. Eddie Mayo was a gambler about town. McLarney shook his head, got to his feet. "This character," he said, indicating Snivelly Sam, "says you called the Department."

"I did," Little Angie said, "soon as I come in. I stumbled over him in the dark. Then I called right away and sent Sam out to look for you." Perspiration was pouring down his face. "I can't figure it out," he said, "how he got in my office. I was outside when all the lights go out, sudden-like. The whole club is dark. I rush in here and fall over him."

McLarney stared stonily at his informant. "It's a good

story," he said bluntly, "and maybe McCann will believe it."

"And why not," asked Inspector McCann from the doorway. He frowned at James Patrick. "Still playing detective, McLarney? I'll take over from here." He had a couple of his bright boys with him, also the Medical Examiner. "Let's have your story, Angie, while the Medical Examiner works over the body."

Little Angie told it again. He had come in to replace the mysteriously removed fuse, stumbled over the body in the dark. He had hurried to call the police even before he put the lights on.

McLarney, strolling around the room, picked up a matchbox beneath the switch box. He looked at it, continued his perusal of the floor. He was bending down when McCann saw him and snapped, "What are you doing, Officer?"

"Just tidying up," McLarney said innocently. "I can't stand seeing a burned match on a floor."

Inspector McCann glared at him. "The best thing you can do is stand somewhere and make out your report. Then I think you can be relieved from duty."

McLarney said nothing. Meekly, he went to Little Angie's desk and made out his report. He said good night then. McCann didn't answer. James Patrick shrugged and went home. He wanted to sleep on this, and then read the morning papers. Reporters had a way of digging things up, too.

He wasn't wrong. Schumach, star crime reporter, for the Eagle, added a few things that helped McLarney to think all morning. Eddie Mayo had been doing a lot of heavy gambling, had lost a lot of dough on a fight to Little Angie. But, according to Inspector McCann, Little Angie was in the clear.

Of course, there remained the angle of how Eddie Mayo happened to be found in Little Angie's office. McCann was working on that, the story said, "and an explanation and an arrest was expected within twenty-four hours."

"Bah," said McLarney. "Bah." He waddled down to Joe the Greek's for his usual breakfast of four eggs and ten slices of bacon. Over that, he'd be able to think. There was something he was trying hard to remember.

Shortly after lunch time, over the remains of a huge steak, he remembered. Then he went into action.

However, it wasn't until almost four o'clock, when he was due to go on, that he found Snivelly Sam. He could almost have chortled with glee when, entering Sam's room in Mangee's Boarding House, he found Sam packing. "Going away?" he asked innocently.

"I sure am," Sam glowered. "I ain't stayin' in a town where I ain't wanted."

"You been stayin' here a year now, and you wasn't wanted," McLarney pointed out, truthfully if ungrammatically. "Sure you ain't afraid somebody'll find out you asked Eddie Mayo to drop in and see Little Angie."

Snivelly Sam stiffened. "Why—who—" His face reddened. "Aw, what am I talking to you for, copper? You got nothing on me."

"Nothin' but this." McLarney's big paw smashed across Sam's face, sent him reeling against the wall. "I don't like the way you talk," he said, mildly. "You should be more respectful to a representative of the law." His paw struck again. Sam slid down. Without further ado, McLarney turned, walked to the door. Then, turning, "See that you get out fast."

A half hour later, hidden in the alley's shadows, he watched Little Angie's door. A smile of satisfaction spread across his face as he saw Snivelly Sam go in. He wasn't long behind him.

Little Angie's face was impassive. "What do you want, McLarney."

He's followin' me," Snivelly Sam said. His lips curled. "I only come in to say good-bye to a friend, copper. So you're tailin' didn't do you no good."

"Oh, I wasn't followin' you," McLarney said. He walked around the room, tall and beefy, conscious of their eyes following him. "I just dropped in on a routine inspection." His hand swept up the wall toward a fuse box.

"Hey, what are you tryin' to do?" Little Angie gasped as the room suddenly was plunged into darkness. From outside came cries from the dancers and drinkers. "Put that light on." Then, he sat back, the ray of McLarney's flashlight on his face.

McLarney said: Dial Headquarters, Little Angie. Quick, or I'll break every bone in your body. Go ahead, dial."

The dial twisted. "Aw, you know I can't see in the dark," Little Angie said. "Put that light on here. I can't . . ."

"Angie, it's a trick!" Snivelly Sam screamed. "He's tryin' something and "

But Little Angie suddenly got wise, too. His bullet whizzed close to McLarney's ear. But the policeman had the advantage. He had a light. His bullet shattered Little Angie's shoulder, making him drop the gun.

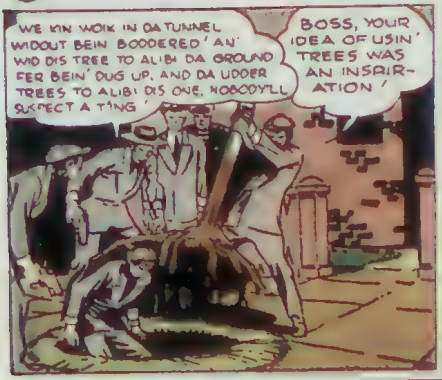
"That'll be enough, Angie," he said. "You're under arrest for murderin' Eddie Mayo. And I think I got enough evidence for a smart D.A. to make it stick." He wagged a fat finger at the cowering Angie. "And don't try to say you didn't dial Headquarters in the dark, that time," he admonished. "One burnt matchstick on the floor. And you used that to put in a new fuse. It was the only match you had left!"

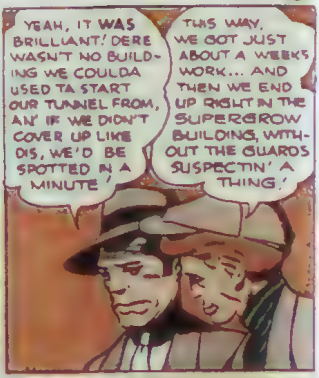
He chuckled. Inspector McCann wouldn't like this at all. But it was his own fault for not reading, "The Case of the Corpse in Darkness." He'd have known a guy can't dial a number in the dark!

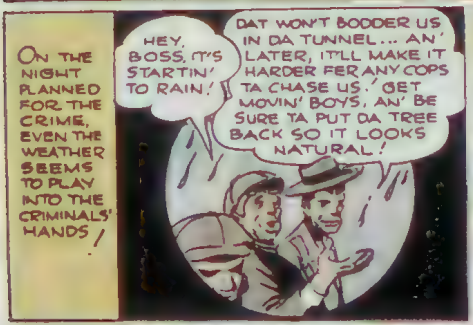
VIGILANTE
IN THE SHADE OF THE YOUNG MAPLE TREE, CRIME SPROUTS LIKE A MUSHROOM—OR SHOULD WE SAY A TOADSTOOL? FORTUNATELY THAT LARRUPING LARIATEER, THE VIGILANTE, KNOWS HIS CRIME-HORTICULTURE AND CAN HANDLE DESTRUCTIVE WEEDS IN HUMAN FORM WHEN THEY TRY TO MAKE NATURE—HUMAN AND OTHERWISE—SERVE THEIR ENDS... ESPECIALLY WHEN..."TREE'S A CROWD!"
MORT MORTON R

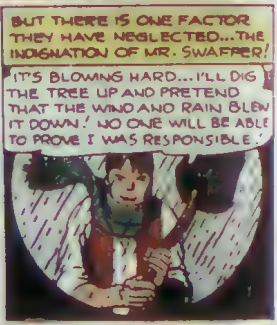
EARLY IN THE MORNING, TWO NEIGHBORS SIMULTANEOUSLY MAKE A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY...
GREAT SCOTT! SOME ONE'S PLANTED A TREE!
AND A MAPLE AT THAT! BUNDY, THIS WILL NEVER DO! YOU'LL HAVE TO REMOVE IT!
REMOVE A MAPLE TREE? NONSENSE, SWAFFER, IT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!
EVERY AFTERNOON MY HOUSE GETS UNBEARABLY HOT FROM THE SUN! THIS WILL PROVIDE EXACTLY THE SHADE I NEED!
BUT IT WILL DEPRIVE MY HOUSE OF SUNLIGHT EVERY MORNING! AND THEN I'LL BE CHILLY ALL DAY! BUNDY, IT'S JUST LIKE YOU TO PLAY A DIRTY TRICK LIKE THAT!
AS NEIGHBORLY TEMPERS RISE, GREG SANDERS, PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, AND HIS PAL, STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, BECOME UNWILLING SPECTATORS...
GOSH, GREG, WE START OUT FOR A NICE QUIET WALK... AND RUN INTO A NEIGHBORS' QUARREL!
THEY'RE BOTH MIGHTY HOT UNDER THE COLLAR!
HOLD ON, PARDNERS... CAN'T THIS BE SETTLED PEACABLE-LIKE?
NOT UNLESS HE REMOVES THAT TREE HE PLANTED TO KEEP THE SUN FROM MY HOUSE!
NEVER! IT'S ON MY GROUND, AND THERE IT WILL STAY TO GIVE ME SHADE!
AND DON'T TRY TO REMOVE IT SOME NIGHT WHEN I'M NOT LOOKING, SWAFFER, OR I'LL HAVE MY LAWYER SUE YOU FOR EVERY CENT YOU'VE GOT!
I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS UP WITH THE CITY GOVERNMENT!
HA, HA! HE DOESN'T REALIZE HE'S WASTING HIS TIME! THIS TREE WAS PUT UP WITH THE FULL APPROVAL OF THE CITY

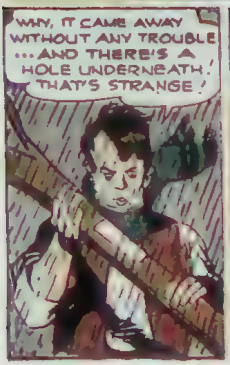
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CARD!
WHY, IT SAYS, "PLANTED BY CITY BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY. DO NOT DISTURB UNDER PENALTY OF LAW!"
IF SWAFFER HADN'T BEEN SO EXCITED, AND HAD LOOKED AROUND, HE'D HAVE SEEN THESE OTHER TREES THAT HAVE BEEN PUT UP TOO! FAT CHANCE OF THE CITY'S REMOVING THEM! HA, HA!
IMAGINE THOSE TWO GUYS QUARRELING, GREG, ABOUT THE SHADE OF A TREE JUST PLANTED! WHY, THERE WON'T BE ANY SHADE TO SPEAK OF FOR YEARS!
RECKON THEY JUST LIKE TO QUARREL!
THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE NEXT STREET I WANT TO SHOW YOU, STUFF!
SUPERGROW INC.
A NEW SYNTHETIC CHEMICAL THAT MAKES PLANTS GROW WITH MIRACULOUS SPEED! THEY MAKE AND STORE IT HERE!
GEE, THE PLACE IS CERTAINLY WELL GUARDED! WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHAT'S THIS "SUPERGROW"?
AND THE REASON IT'S SO WELL GUARDED, IS THAT IT'S SO HARD TO MAKE, AND WORTH A LOT MORE THAN GOLD OR PLATINUM!
YOU MAY WONDER WHAT A NEIGHBORS' QUARREL, A TINY TREE, AND A VALUABLE CHEMICAL HAVE TO DO WITH ONE ANOTHER. WELL, THAT EVENING...
NOBODY IN SIGHT, DIGGER?
NOBODY! IT'S LIKE I TOLD YA... DIS IS A RESIDENTIAL STREET WHERE DEY PULL IN DA SIDEWALKS AT NIGHT, AN' IF A GUY DROPS A PIN AFTER TEN O'CLOCK, DEY RUN HIM IN FOR DISTOIBIN' DA PEACE!
3


WE KIN WOIK IN DA TUNNEL WIDDOUT BEIN BOODERED ' AN' WID DIS TREE TO ALIBI DA GROUND FER BEIN' DUG UP. AND DA UDDER TREES TO ALIBI DIS ONE, NOBODYLL SUSPECT A TING '
BOSS, YOUR IDEA OF USIN' TREES WAS AN INSPIR-ATION '

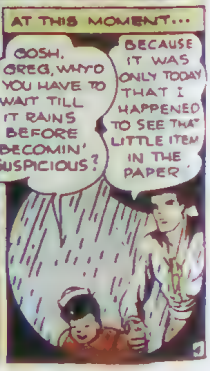

YEAH, IT WAS BRILLIANT! DERE WASN'T NO BUILD-ING WE COULDA USED TA START OUR TUNNEL FROM, AN' IF WE DIDN'T COVER UP LIKE DIS, WE'D BE SPOTTED IN A MINUTE '
THIS WAY, WE GOT JUST ABOUT A WEEK'S WORK... AND THEN WE END UP RIGHT IN THE SUPERGROW BUILDING, WITH-OUT THE GUARDS SUSPECTIN' A THING.'


ON THE NIGHT PLANNED FOR THE CRIME, EVEN THE WEATHER SEEMS TO PLAY INTO THE CRIMINALS' HANDS /
HEY, BOSS, IT'S STARTIN' TO RAIN!
DAT WON'T BODDER US IN DA TUNNEL... AN' LATER, I'LL MAKE IT HARDER FER ANY COPS TA CHASE US.' GET MOVIN' BOYS, AN' BE SURE TA PUT DA TREE BACK SO IT LOOKS NATURAL!


BUT THERE IS ONE FACTOR THEY HAVE NEGLECTED...THE INDIGNATION OF MR. SWAFFER!
'IT'S BLOWING HARD... I'LL DIG THE TREE UP AND PRETEND THAT THE WIND AND RAIN BLEW IT DOWN! NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO PROVE I WAS RESPONSIBLE.'


WHY, IT CAME AWAY WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE ...AND THERE'S A HOLE UNDERNEATH.' THAT'S STRANGE!

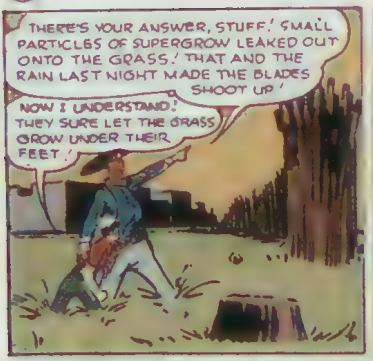
HEY... WE GOT COMPANY!
THERE'S A MAN IN THERE... OR AM I SEEING THINGS?


AT THIS MOMENT...
GOSH, GREG, WHY'D YOU HAVE TO WAIT TILL IT RAINS BEFORE BECOMIN' SUSPICIOUS?
BECAUSE IT WAS ONLY TODAY THAT I HAPPENED TO SEE THAT LITTLE ITEM IN THE PAPER

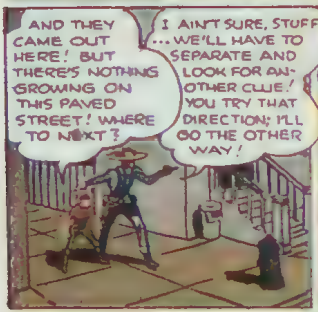
IT SEEMS THAT THE CITY BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY MET JUST LAST NIGHT... AND ONE OF THE MATTERS DISCUSSED WAS WHY NO TREES WHATEVER HAD BEEN PLANTED IN THE CITY DURING THE PAST YEAR!
HUH..? THEN WHO PLANTED THOSE TREES?
HELP!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!...
WHAT'S THAT?
A RAPID TRANSFORMATION IN THE DARKNESS, AND SECONDS LATER...
THIS IS FER BUTTIN' IN, WISE GUY!
ARGHHHH..
THIS IS WHERE THAT TREE WAS THOSE NEIGHBORS WERE ARGUIN' ABOUT!
SEEMS LIKE IT HAD ROOTS IN THE UNDERWORLD!
YIIII... THE VIGILANTE!
I'LL FIX HIM!
WATCH IT, VIG!
BANG!
THANKS FER THE WARNING, PARDNER, BUT I ALWAYS KEEP MY EYES OPEN FER SKULKIN' SIDEWINDERS!
OWWW, MY THROAT!
THEY BEAT IT, VIG!
I'D FOLLOW, STUFF, BUT I DON'T KNOW THE TURNINGS OF THAT TUNNEL, AND IT MIGHT TAKE TOO MUCH TIME! BUT I THINK I DO KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HEADED FOR!

HERE, PARDNER, SEEIN' AS HOW YOU'RE FEELIN' BETTER, TAKE THIS GUN, AN' GUARD THIS EXIT! IF THEM RATTLERS SHOW UP AGAIN, BAT THEM OVER THE HEAD.'
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, VIGILANTE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE NEAR HERE THAT CONTAINS STUFF SO WELL GUARDED CROOKS WOULD HAVE TO DIG A TUNNEL TO GET TO IT.'
THE SUPER-GROW BUILDING!
THE GUARDS ARE BEIN' CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, MS! THEY DIDN'T EXPECT TROUBLE FROM INSIDE THE BUILDING!
SUPERG
THAT MAKES IT EVEN! THOSE COYOTES DIDN'T EXPECT TROUBLE AT ALL!
BUT THEY'RE GOING TO FIND PLENTY OF IT!
YIII...
EASY, VARMINTS! YO'RE STAYIN' HERE!
OH, OH... THIS RAT'S GOING FOR THE GUN!
EEEEHHH...
EXCUSE ME, CHUM... I'VE GOT A USE FOR THAT!

UNEXPECTEDLY...
WHA..?
WHAT A BREAK! WE MADE A MISTAKE AND DUG OUR TUNNEL TOO FAR IN THIS DIRECTION... BUT THAT EXTRA DIGGING WEAKENED THE GROUND UNDER THE VIGILANTE!
IT'S SURE PAYIN' OFF!
OUTTA ME WAY, KID... I'M IN A HURRY!
OWWW..
SECONDS LATER...
I'M SORRY, VIG, I COULDN'T STOP THEM ALONE! THEY DISSAPPEARED IN THE RAIN AND DARKNESS.
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, PARDNER! AFTER ALL, WE PREVENTED THEM FROM GETTIN' AWAY WITH MUCH!
THEY DIDN'T LEAVE ENTIRELY EMPTY-HANDED, VIGILANTE! THEY HAD JUST BROKEN THROUGH TO HOLD US UP, WHEN WE HEARD SOMEBODY FROM THE TUNNEL YELLING YOUR NAME!
ONE OF THEM GRABBED A SMALL METAL CONTAINER OF SUPERGROW, LIKE THIS ONE! FORTUNATELY, THERE WASN'T MUCH IN IT, AS THE CONTAINER WAS CRACKED, AND WE HAD STARTED TO TRANSFER THE CONTENTS!
CRACKED? YOU MEAN IT LET SOME OF THE SUPERGROW LEAK OUT?
STUFF, MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE SO MUCH TROUBLE PICKIN' UP THE TRAIL OF THEM COYOTES TOMORROW, AFTER ALL! WITH A LITTLE LUCK, WE'LL TRACE THEM TO THEIR HIDEOUT!
?
BRIGHT AND EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
THEY RAN OFF IN THIS DIRECTION LAST NIGHT... LET'S SEE IF THEY TOOK A SHORT CUT ACROSS THIS LOT!


THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, STUFF.' SMALL PARTICLES OF SUPERGROW LEAKED OUT ONTO THE GRASS.' THAT AND THE RAIN LAST NIGHT MADE THE BLADES SHOOT UP.'
NOW I UNDERSTAND.' THEY SURE LET THE GRASS GROW UNDER THEIR FEET.'

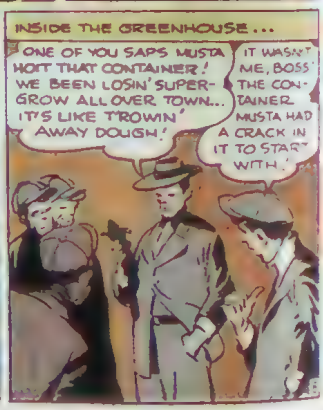
LOOK AT THAT.'
WHICH MEANS THEY CUT ACROSS THIS GARDEN...


AND THEY CAME OUT HERE! BUT THERE'S NOTHING GROWING ON THIS PAVED STREET! WHERE TO NEXT?
I AIN'T SURE, STUFF ...WE'LL HAVE TO SEPARATE AND LOOK FOR ANOTHER CLUE.' YOU TRY THAT DIRECTION; I'LL GO THE OTHER WAY!

PRESENTLY...
I THINK I'M ON THEIR TRAIL AGAIN, VIG! THEY WENT THIS WAY!

THIS TREE WOULD HAVE BEEN CRUSHED UNDERFOOT IF IT HAD BEEN HERE LONG.' IT MUST HAVE GROWN OVERNIGHT FROM AN APPLE SEED!
YES THERE'S THE CORE OF AN APPLE NEARBY.' NICE WORK STUFF!

AND SO, FOLLOWING A DEVIOUS TRAIL, THE WESTERN WADDY AND THE CHINATOWN KID EVENTUALLY APPROACH THEIR JOURNEY'S END.'
LOOK AT THAT GREENHOUSE, VIG.' THE PLANTS ARE PUSHING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TOP.'
THEY MUST HAVE DROPPED A LOT OF THE POWDER IN THERE.' FOLLOW ME, STUFF, BUT NO NOISE.'


INSIDE THE GREENHOUSE...
ONE OF YOU SAPS MUSTA HOIT THAT CONTAINER! WE BEEN LOSIN' SUPERGROW ALL OVER TOWN... IT'S LIKE TROWIN' AWAY DOUGH.'
IT WASN'T ME, BOSS.' THE CONTAINER MUSTA HAD A CRACK IN IT TO START WITH.'

HEY... THEY FOUND US!
OUR FIND IS YOUR LOSS, RAT!
COME ON, STUFF, LET'S PLANT A FEW SOLID PUNCHES!
CRASH!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT FOR A CAULIFLOWER!
HELP!
SAVE YOUR PUNCHES, BRAT... ME STUMMICK'S CAST IRON!
UGH!
IN THAT CASE, I'VE GOT TO USE THE OLD ONION ... QUICK!
HEY!
WHY, DAT KID HIT FRANKIE SO HARD HE BROUGHT TEARS TO 'IS EYES.' WE BETTER STOP PLAYIN' AROUND!
I'LL JUST TAKE COVER BEHIND THESE PLANTS AN' DO A SNIPIN' JOB ON DA VIGILANTE AN' HIS PAL!
YIPE!
SOCKO!

BUT THE WESTERN WADDY'S HAWK-LIKE EYES ARE ACCUSTOMED TO SPOTTING HIDDEN DANGER! COILED STRANDS HISS THROUGH THE AIR...
I'LL PULL YORE FANGS, RATTLER!
UNEXPECTEDLY, HOWEVER...
HUH..! THAT PIECE OF BROKEN GLASS FROM THE GREEN-HOUSE IS CUTTIN' MY LARIAT! GOT TUH ACT MIGHTY FAST!
YA CAN'T ACT FAST ENOUGH TO DO NO GOOD, VIGILANTE! DON'T REACH FER YER GUN...
I DON'T HAVE TO, SIDEWINDER! TRY GETTIN' AWAY FROM THIS LARIAT!
AAAAAA...
AND SHORTLY...
THEY LOOK KIND OF WILTED, STUFF, BUT THE POLICE WILL WELCOME THEM LIKE THEY WAS A PRIZE BOUQUET!
AND PLANT THEM WHERE THEY WON'T DO ANY MORE HARM!
LATER...
THAT IDEA OF A TREE WAS A GOOD ONE... TOO BAD THOSE CROOKS DIDN'T PLANT IT RIGHT! BUT THIS MAPLE WILL REALLY GROW UP TO SHADE MY HOUSE!
AND DEPRIVE MINE OF THE SUN IT NEEDS! BUNDY, I'M WARNING YOU... REMOVE THAT TREE, OR ELSE!
YOU FIXED THOSE CROOKS, GREG... BUT YOU CAN'T STOP THOSE TWO FROM QUARRELING ABOUT SOMETHING THAT CAN'T HAPPEN FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER TEN YEARS!
AND BY THAT TIME, THEY PROBABLY WON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE! RECKON THERE'S PLENTY OF SAP AROUND HERE BESIDE WHAT'S IN THE TREE

WHEATIES NEW

LIBRARY OF SPORTS

FELLOWS! GIRLS! WANT TO BE A CHAMPION?

CHOOSE YOUR COACH FROM THIS ALL-STAR LINE-UP!

Want to beat the gang at golf? Take lessons from Gene Sarazen or Patty Berg. *Want to be tops in tennis?* Learn from Don Budge and Alice Marble. *Want to star on your ball club?* See Lew Fonseca for big-league training tips.

Now! At last! You can get expert coaching from champion-making coaches and champion-winning athletes—in Wheaties new Library of Sports manuals. Each big book contains 32 pages. Packed with straight-from-the-shoulder advice that has paid off in championships. Loaded with action pictures that show you exactly how you can adapt the champion's form to your play.

How to order your books. Use easy-to-mail coupon. Or send your order to Wheaties Library of Sports, Dept 30, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota. Start your collection with any two books. Both are yours for only one Wheaties box top and 10c. Order additional books in pairs—adding one box top and 10c for each set of two books. *This special offer is good only as long as supplies last. Or until Feb. 1, 1946*

Wheaties new Library of Sports is another of the extra-dividends you receive for eating Wheaties. Have lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—the favorite breakfast dish of so many big-time coaches and famous athletes. Crisp-toasted, malt-sweet Wheaties are sure to make a big hit with your appetite.

WHEATIES
"Breakfast OF Champions"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT
A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

CHECK BOOKS YOU NEED

1. WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION? *by Bernie Bierman*, Head Football Coach of famous Minnesota Golden Gophers.
2. WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION? *by Lew Fonseca*, Famous big league infielder and manager, Winner American League's Most Valuable Player Award.
3. WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? *by Carl Nordly and Doye MacMillan* (for boys), Basketball Coaches, University of Minnesota.
4. WANT TO BE A SWIMMING CHAMPION? *by Matt Mann*, Head Swimming Coach, University of Michigan.
5. WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? *by Gene Sarazen* (for boys), National Open Champion, British Open Champion, Western Open Champion.
6. WANT TO BE A TENNIS CHAMPION? *by Alice Marble* (for girls), World's Women's Singles Champion, U. S. Women's Singles Champion, U. S. Women's Doubles Champion, U. S. Mixed Doubles Champion.
7. WANT TO BE A SOFTBALL CHAMPION? *by Ty Gleason and Arnie Simio* Nationally known players and coaches of champion softball teams.
8. WANT TO BE A BOWLING CHAMPION? *by Ned Day*, Five-time Winner World's Individual Match Game Champion. Again named "Bowler of the Year" 1944
9. WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION? *by Catherine Snell and Rhose Jaeger* (for girls), Physical Education Instructors, University of Minnesota.
10. WANT TO BE A TENNIS CHAMPION? *by Don Budge* (for boys), U. S Singles Champion, U. S. Doubles Champion, U. S Mixed Doubles Champion
11. WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? *by Leo Johnson* (Track Events), Famous Track Coach, University of Illinois
12. WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION? *by Tom Jones* (Field Events), Famous Track Coach, University of Wisconsin.
13. WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION? *by Patty Berg* (for girls), Women's National Amateur Champion, Women's Western Amateur Champion, Women's Western Open Champion Winner Outstanding Woman Athlete Award
14. WANT TO BE A HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD GAMES CHAMPION? *by Carl Nordly*, Nationally known Authority on Physical Education and Recreation.

SEND FOR YOUR BOOKS TODAY!

Wheaties, Library of Sports, Dept 30
Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

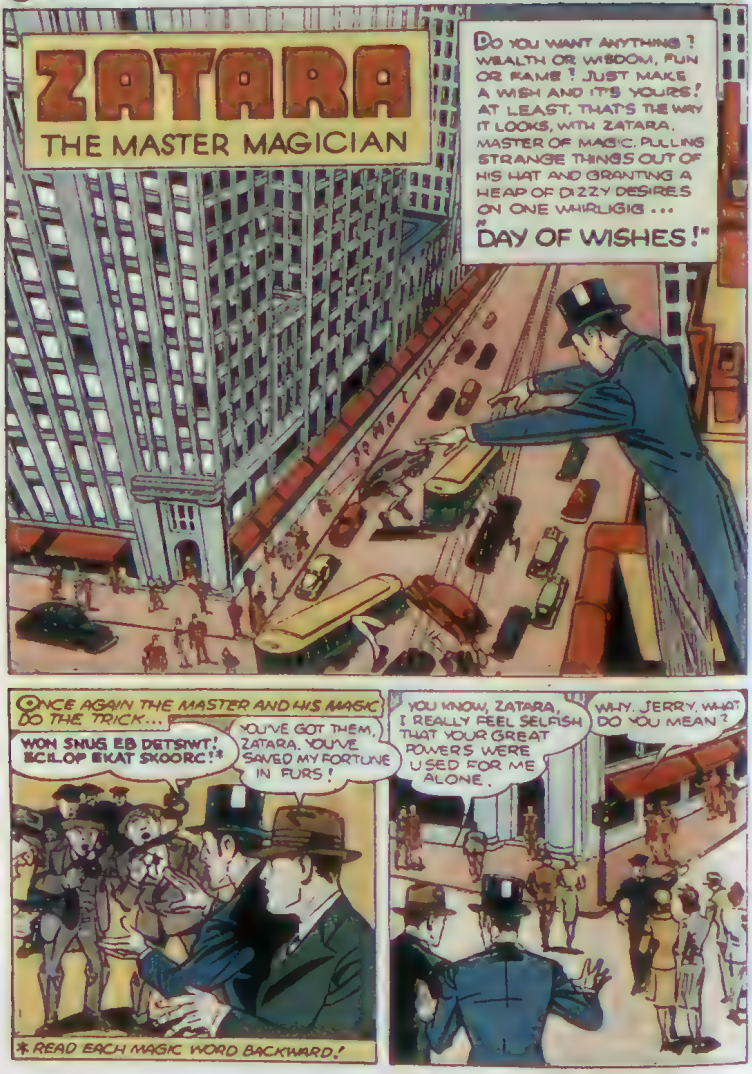
Please send me the Library of Sports books I have circled below. I enclose ONE Wheaties box top and 10c for each set of two books

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14

Name _____

Address _____

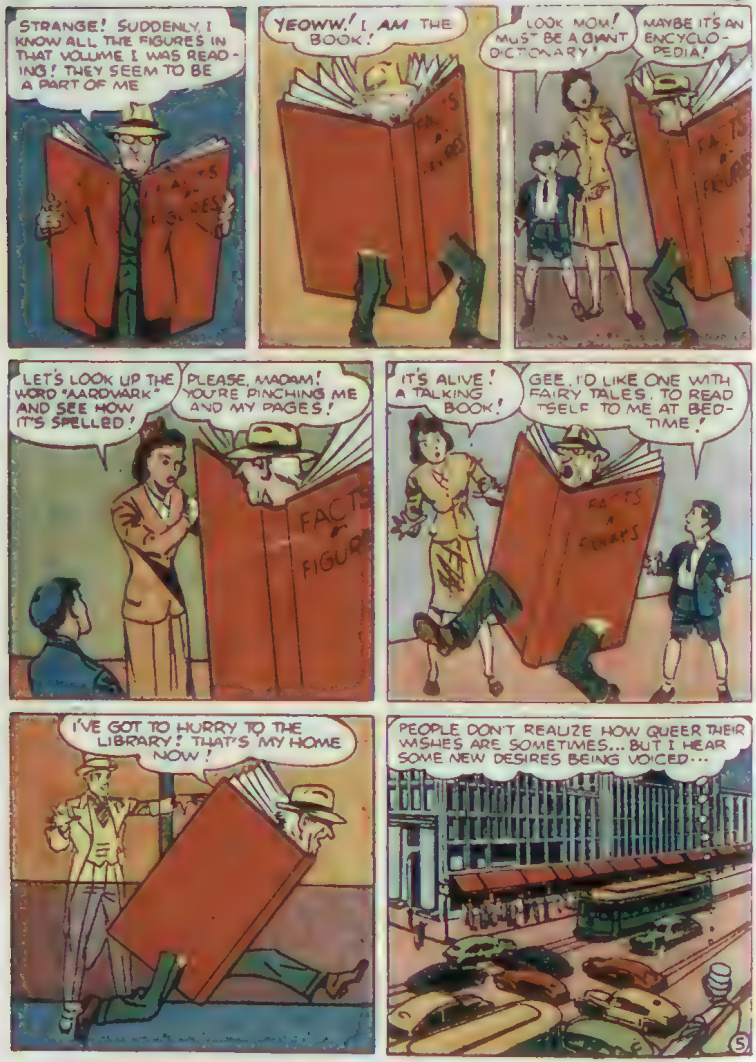
City _____ Zone _____ State _____


ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
DO YOU WANT ANYTHING? WEALTH OR WISDOM, FUN OR FAME? JUST MAKE A WISH AND IT'S YOURS! AT LEAST, THAT'S THE WAY IT LOOKS, WITH ZATARA, MASTER OF MAGIC, PULLING STRANGE THINGS OUT OF HIS HAT AND GRANTING A HEAP OF DIZZY DESIRES ON ONE WHIRLIGIG ... "DAY OF WISHES!"
ONCE AGAIN THE MASTER AND HIS MAGIC DO THE TRICK...
WON SNUG EB DETSIWT! ECILOP EKAT SKOORC!*
YOU'VE GOT THEM, ZATARA. YOU'VE SAVED MY FORTUNE IN FURS!
* READ EACH MAGIC WORD BACKWARD!
YOU KNOW, ZATARA, I REALLY FEEL SELFISH THAT YOUR GREAT POWERS WERE USED FOR ME ALONE.
WHY, JERRY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WELL YOU COULD USE YOUR MAGIC FOR SO MANY MORE THINGS THAN FIGHTING CRIMINALS. FOR INSTANCE, THERE ARE LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO WISH FOR LITTLE THINGS YOU COULD GRANT THOSE WISHES.
YES, BUT WOULD IT BE WISE TO GRANT ALL WISHES? GOOD AND BAD?
BUT PLAIN, GOOD FOLKS DON'T HAVE HOPES AND DREAMS ABOUT CRIME! SO WHY NOT MAKE THEM HAPPY!
SOMETIMES MAGIC AND WISHES DON'T ADD UP TO HAPPINESS!
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT HERE TO STOP ANY THING THAT GOES WRONG!
HMM.. PERHAPS THE THING OUGHT TO BE TRIED... IT MIGHT HAVE A VALUABLE LESSON TO TEACH US...
BUT GET SET TO SEE SOME STRANGE THINGS! I MAY BE ABLE TO GRANT PEOPLE'S WISHES BUT I CAN'T CONTROL WHAT THEY WISH!
IT WILL BE LIKE A MODERN ARABIAN NIGHTS.
SSELMRAH SEHSIW EB DETNARG OT LLA SA I DNAMMOC!
NOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT MUMBLING MAN IS SO NERVOUS AND EXCITED!
I'LL STAND NEAR HIM AND STILL NOT BE SEEN!
ARATAZ EB ELBISIVNI!
ZATARA'S GONE! NOW THE MAGIC SHOULD BEGIN!

MY NERVES, MY WORRIES! SOMETIMES, LIKE NOW, I WISH I WERE A COW! I'D BE CONTENTED, THEN!
HSIW EMOC EURT!
HUH...? STRANGE - I'M NO LONGER WORRIED. HEY, I'M CHANGING SHAPE!
I'M A COW! A CALM CONTENTED COW!
LOOK, MARTHA! AN ADVERTISING STUNT, NO DOUBT! BUT HOW REALISTIC!
MOO - HEY! HELP ME! I MADE A WISH AND IT CAME TRUE!
PROBABLY A CLEVER SCHEME TO PUBLICIZE MILK!
MOO! NOW I'M CALM AND CONTENTED JUST AS I WISHED! BUT MUST I REMAIN A COW?
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, HENRY! WE HAVE TO GO!
YES, MARTHA! I WONDER WHAT TIME IT IS?
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR WATCH AGAIN! HENRY, YOU'RE THE MOST ABSENT-MINDED MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN!
DEAR ME, I WISH I WERE A CLOCK - THEN I'D ALWAYS HAVE THE TIME.
NAM EVAH EMIT! EB EMIT!
3

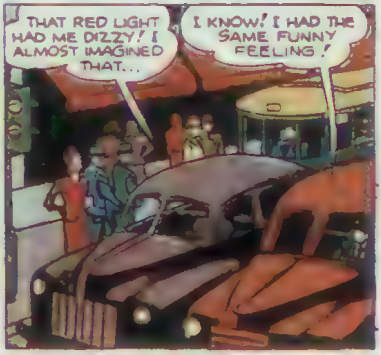
WE'RE NOT LATE! I THINK I SEE A CLOCK RIGHT NOW!
FUNNY! BUT I'M BEGINNING TO HEAR A TICKING NOISE.
HENRY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
TICK-TOCK, DEAR! JUST TICK-TOCK! BUT WHAT AM I SAYING!
EEEEK!
PARDON ME, DEAR! BUT I HAVE TO STRIKE THREE TIMES!
BONG! BONG! BONG!
OOOH! I'M MARRIED TO A WALKING CLOCK!
HERE COMES ANOTHER MAN WITH A WISHFUL LOOK.
WHAT A WONDERFUL BOOK! BUT I REMEMBER ONLY A SMALL PART OF WHAT I READ. IF I WERE A BOOK, I'D KNOW IT ALL, ALL THE TIME.
MAYBE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S ASKING FOR!
NAM EB GIB KOOB!
4


STRANGE! SUDDENLY I KNOW ALL THE FIGURES IN THAT VOLUME I WAS READING! THEY SEEM TO BE A PART OF ME
YEOWW! I AM THE BOOK!
LOOK MOM! MUST BE A GIANT DICTIONARY!
MAYBE IT'S AN ENCYCLOPEDIA!
LET'S LOOK UP THE WORD "AARDVARK" AND SEE HOW IT'S SPELLED!
PLEASE, MADAM! YOU'RE PINCHING ME AND MY PAGES!
IT'S ALIVE! A TALKING BOOK!
GEE, I'D LIKE ONE WITH FAIRY TALES. TO READ TSELF TO ME AT BEDTIME!
I'VE GOT TO HURRY TO THE LIBRARY! THAT'S MY HOME NOW!
PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE HOW QUEER THEIR WISHES ARE SOMETIMES... BUT I HEAR SOME NEW DESIRES BEING VOICED...
5

BOY DO I WISH THIS CAR OF MINE HAD LEGS TO HOP OVER THESE RED LIGHTS!
SAME HERE - ONLY MAKE MINE THE LEGS OF A RACER. A GOOD PICK-UP WOULD SURE SAVE ME A LOT OF TIME
BUT YOU DRIVERS CAN TURN AT ANY CORNER, WHILE I HAVE TO STAY ON THESE TRACKS! I WISH...
LLA CIFFART SEHSIW EB DETNARG!
WOW! LOOK AT MY CAR!
I'D SAY YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF PICK-UP NOW!
FAST ENOUGH, PAL?
HEY, CHARLIE. IS THAT A CAR OR A LOW-FLYING AIRPLANE?
I'LL GET YOU OVER THESE RED LIGHTS! THE POLICE CAN'T OBJECT TO THIS.
YOU ASKED FOR IT! SO NOW LET'S LEAVE THE TRACKS!

HURRAY! AT LAST WE GOT OUT OF THOSE TWO STEEL RUTS OUR LIVES WERE IN.'
I PAID MY NICKEL! BUT IS THIS A TROLLEY OR A MERRY-GO-ROUND?
COME ON, TROLLEY, NOW YOU JUMP ME.'
I WON'T OPEN MY EYES! IF I DO, I'LL FAINT.'
IT'S ALL MY FAULT! OH, I WISH ZATARA WERE HERE TO HANDLE THIS!
POOR JERRY, HE'S REALLY WORRIED! ARATAZ EB ELBISIV!'
ZATARA, IT'S YOU AT LAST! LOOK AT THOSE CARS! YOU'VE GOT A MAD-HOUSE ON YOUR HANDS.'
I TRIED TO WARN YOU THAT WISHES ALONE DON'T MAKE A HAPPY LIFE!
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET THINGS BACK TO NORMAL. LLA CIGAM EB ENOONU.'
7

YOU'RE NO COW! YOU'RE A MAN! SO STOP SAYING MOO!
AND YOU'RE NO CLOCK, SIR! STOP TICKING!
NOW I KNOW MYSELF LIKE A BOOK. BUT I'M A MAN, AGAIN.


THAT RED LIGHT HAD ME DIZZY! I ALMOST IMAGINED THAT...
I KNOW! I HAD THE SAME FUNNY FEELING!

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE SILLY WISHES! WE SHOULD DO THINGS INSTEAD!..
SURE. DEEDS COUNT MORE THAN HOPES OR IDLE DREAMS!

LATER...
BUT WAS IT TRUE, ZATARA? ALL THAT I SAW? I ONLY WISH I COULD BE SURE...
NOW, JERRY! TAKE A LESSON FROM THOSE PEOPLE!

THEY'VE DECIDED THAT ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN MERE WORDS OR WISHES!
AND NOW THEY'RE BUSY AND HAPPY AGAIN!

OF COURSE! DON'T EVER WAIT FOR SOME SECRET MAGIC TO HELP YOUR LITTLE WISHES! ACT! AND MAKE THEM COME TRUE!

VOLTO
WHEE! ISN'T THIS FUN, VOLTO?
WELL, I THOUGHT SO UP TILL NOW... LOOK!
IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US, VOLTO!
WHAT A WAY TO RUN A ROLLER COASTER! I BETTER GET BUSY!
WATCH! WHEN I SAY, 'VOLTO' MY LEFT ARM REPELS!
BUT LOOK! THAT WOMAN'S FALLING!
VOLTO
SCREECH
WELL, HERE I GO AGAIN! SEE, WHEN I SAY 'VOLTO' MY RIGHT ARM ATTRACTS! COME HERE, LADY!
ASTOUNDING
VOLTO
I'LL PAY $100 FOR THAT TRICK, MISTER!
IT'S NO TRICK FOR VOLTO! HE'S FROM MARS WHERE EVERYBODY GETS THAT MAGNETISM FROM EATING WHOLE-GRAIN CEREALS!
AND I MUST HAVE SOME RIGHT NOW TO RECHARGE MY POWER!
THEN, LET ME REPAY YOU WITH THE TASTIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL IN THIS WORLD... GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!
ME TOO! HUH?
MAYBE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES WON'T GIVE YOU VOLTO'S POWERS... BUT IT'LL HELP GIVE YOU A POWERHOUSE OF ENERGY IN THE MORNING! GET THEM TODAY! YOU'LL SAY GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES TASTE SWELL!
Grape-Nuts Flakes
WHOLE-GRAIN

TUNE IN *HOP HARRIGAN* BLUE NETWORK MON. THRU FRI.

LADIES! MEN! HERE'S THE MOST SENSATIONAL 3 IN 1 OFFER EVER MADE!

1 YOU GET *Everything* FOR ONLY $1.98

$2.00 Value Genuine Alligator Grain LEATHER BILLFOLD and Pass Case

Here without a doubt is the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that is being offered today. This genuine Alligator Grain Leather Billfold is a masterpiece of Billfold design and workmanship. There's a place for everything. The Pass Case, with its 4 celluloid protected pockets, has ample room for cards, passes, lodge and all identification cards. The Wallet has a generous currency compartment in the back and windows for snapshots and identification cards.

2

Guarantee

We guarantee that you can not buy this sensational 3 in 1 offer for this low price anywhere in the country today. Your money back if you can duplicate it at this low price.

$1.50 Value Genuine Alligator Grain Matching Leather Cigarette Case

The handsome Cigarette Case is a fitting companion piece to the Billfold described above. It's made from the same genuine Alligator Grain Leather and is made to hold a full package of TWENTY CIGARETTES. Each Cigarette Case is reinforced with a hidden metal reinforcement that holds the case in shape and prevents your cigarettes from bending or breaking. The case fits neatly into your vest pocket or breast pocket without bulging.

50¢ Value Famous CIGAR LIGHTER

Cigarette Lighters have been plenty scarce. Virtually none have been manufactured for several years now and we feel fortunate in offering you the famous-prewar type, all metal FLAMEMASTER lighter in a beautiful matched two-tone finish. Measuring only 2¾ inches in length, this "fool-proof" lighter works unfailingly. Just a few drops of fluid and your lighter is ready for months of carefree, unfailing service.

3

YOU GET $4.00 WORTH OF QUALITY MERCHANDISE FOR THE AMAZING LOW PRICE OF ONLY $1.98

Men everywhere ask us how we can make this sensational 3 in 1 offer for such a low price! Tremendous buying power is the answer. More than 1,000,000 satisfied customers have bought and are using our Billfolds. Don't be misled by the low price! We guarantee this to be $4.00 value or we want you to return the Billfold, Cigarette Case and Cigarette Lighter and **get your money back in full.** You are to be the sole judge. If this sounds to you like a fair, honest-to-goodness, man to man offer—and we're sure you'll agree it does—then fill out the coupon below and rush it to us. We'll ship your genuine Alligator Grain Leather Billfold, the matching Cigarette Case, and the FLAMEMASTER Lighter, all for $1.98 plus a few cents COD Charges.

HERE'S A USEFUL BEAUTIFUL GIFT THAT WILL GLADDEN THE HEART OF THAT BOY IN SERVICE!

Ask any service man what gifts are most appreciated and you'll find that a Billfold, Cigarette Case and a Lighter are high on the list of most wanted and most useful articles. Imagine how pleased any boy would be to receive all three at one time in a matching set such as this. A gift to last for years and one he'll remember always.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 3234
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please rush me the fantastic 3 in 1 offer of genuine Alligator Grain Leather Billfold, the matching Cigarette Case and the FLAMEMASTER Lighter (All for only $1.98 plus 13c Federal Tax on Billfold unit) and few cents postage. I have no more than ordered or I will return in 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ I enclose $1.98 plus 13c Federal Tax with my order to save all shipping charges. Ship the 3 articles to me all postage charges prepaid.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh DATED EVEREADY batteries

"Now does anyone else want to be tucked in before I put out the light!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" If you want to bet on a sure thing—buy War Bonds!

IF YOUR DEALER tells you he can't supply you with "Eveready" flashlight batteries—he has the best of reasons. Nearly all the batteries we can make go directly to the Armed Forces and essential war industries. That leaves only a trickle coming through for civilian consumption.

However, we can promise you this: when war ends "Eveready" batteries will be back in force. Yes, and they will be even better batteries than before, improved in every way.

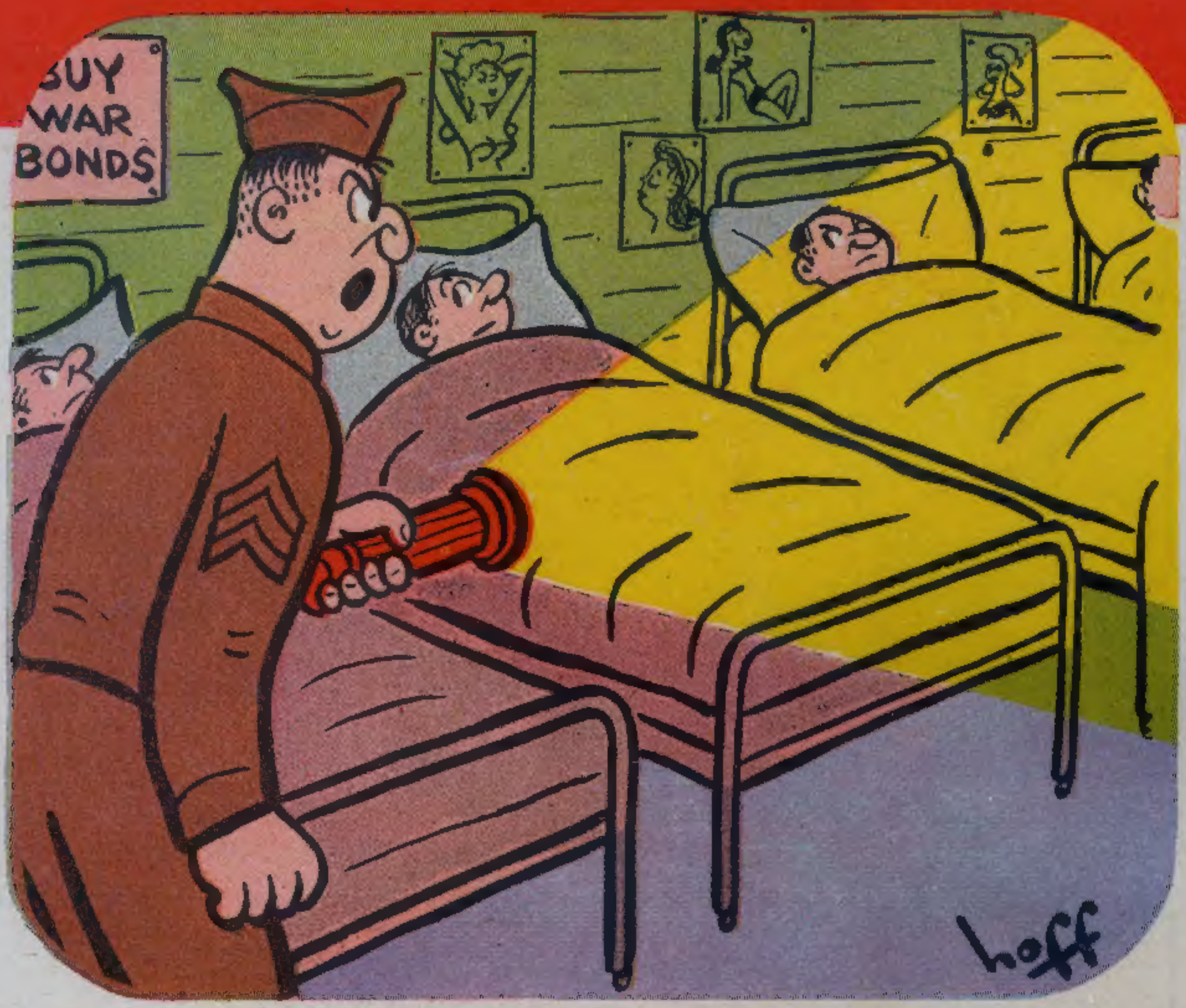
Fresh DATED BATTERIES Last Longer

Look for the date line

EVEREADY

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh DATED EVEREADY batteries



"Now does anyone else want to be tucked in before I put out the light!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" If you want to bet on a sure thing—buy War Bonds!

IF YOUR DEALER tells you he can't supply you with "Eveready" flashlight batteries—he has the best of reasons. Nearly all the batteries we can make go directly to the Armed Forces and essential war industries. That leaves only a trickle coming through for civilian consumption.

However, we can promise you this: when war ends "Eveready" batteries will be back in force. Yes, and they will be even better batteries than before, improved in every way.

Fresh DATED BATTERIES Last Longer
Look for the date line

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.